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NO. 19.

H. T. HELMBOLD'S

THE PINE TREE. Before your atoms came together...

COMPOUND

FLUID EXTRACT

BUCHU.

PHARMACEUTICAL

True to Herself.

The November afternoon was darkening into night as Florence and I drove from the cemetery...

A SPECIFIC REMEDY FOR ALL

DISEASES

OF THE

BLADDER & KIDNEYS.

For Debility, Loss of Memory, Impotency, Erection, etc.

"Helmbold's Buchu"

DOES IN EVERY CASE.

HELMBOLD'S BUCHU

IS UNEQUALED

By any remedy known. It is prescribed by the most eminent physicians...

Rheumatism,

Spermatorrhoea, Neuralgia, Nervousness, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Constipation, Aches and Pains, General Debility, Kidney Diseases, Liver Complaint, Nervous Debility, Epilepsy, Head Tronies, General Ill-Health.

Spinal Diseases, Sciatica, Deafness, Decline, Lumbago, Catarrh, Nervous Complaints, Female Complaints, &c.

Headache, Pain in the Shoulders, Cough, Diarrhoea, Sour Stomach, Eruptions, Itch, Taste in the Mouth, Palpitation of the Heart, Pain in the Region of the Stomach, and a thousand other ailments, are the off-prints of Dyspepsia.

Helmbold's Buchu

Invigorates the Stomach,

And stimulates the torpid Liver, Bowels, and Kidneys to healthy action.

PRICE \$1 PER BOTTLE

Or Six Bottles for \$5.

Delivered to any address free from observation.

Patients may consent by letter, receiving the same attention as by calling, by answering the following questions:

1. Give your name and post-office address, county and State, and your nearest express office.

2. Your age and sex?

3. Occupation?

4. Married or single?

5. Height, weight, now and in health?

6. How long have you been sick?

7. Your complexion, color of hair and eyes?

8. Have you a stinging or itching scalp?

9. Recite without reservation all you know about your case.

10. Recite without reservation all you know about your case.

received and paid for, and I continued writing.

Soon after a new book was given to the public, and loudly applauded. A few evenings afterwards, Mr. Graham called and brought me the book, saying he wished me to read it, as he felt sure I should like it.

I had made up my mind to give up copying, and told him so. He looked at me in surprise for a moment, then said: "May I ask why, Miss Wilde? Are you to be married? Tell me that it is not so?"

He took my hand, then went on, hurriedly: "I love you. You cannot be surprised at this; you must have heard it before. Tell me that no one else has a claim on your heart."

I told him the story of my past life. "You cannot care for a second love," I said.

But he only clasped me in his arms saying, "Your second love is more precious to me than the first love of any other woman."

I told him that evening who the author of the book, he so much admired. A look of pride came into his face.

"I thought it was like you; it made me think of you when I read it; but I did not dream of this. Why have you kept such a secret?"

"Can you wonder?" I replied. "Have I not learned what it was to be loved for my good fortune, and then forsaken when it forsook me? I wished to be loved for myself alone."

Only once have I met Albert Freeman; it was seven years ago by my father's death. He didn't know of my marriage, and begged me to forgive him.

"Oh, Marion!" he said. "You would forgive and pity me if you knew what I had suffered. Only forgive me, Marion, and let me win your heart once more. Promise to be my wife, and nothing on earth shall part us."

What a flood of bitter memories oppressed my soul.

"There was a time long past," I answered, "when my heart was all your own; but you cast it back upon me. I have it not suffered, think you? I would not trust you with my heart if I were ever so free; but it is not; I have given it to one that loves me, not for my gold, but for myself; I am married to a good and noble man, and I love him with my whole heart."

The Great Pyramid of Egypt. The Great Pyramid was originally four hundred and eighty feet high, and each side of its base measured seven hundred and sixty four feet, dimensions slightly reduced by its use as a quarry in later times.

The successive Muslim capitals of Egypt, of which Cairo is the latest, have been built of the monuments of Memphis. The city and its temples have disappeared, and left scarcely a trace; yet the larger pyramids have lost but a small proportion of their materials, and where there are marks of ruin, it is rather due to the efforts of explorers than to the actual removal of the stones from the site.

Seen from afar, on that Horace which recalls their royal site, the vastness of the pyramids strikes us as we approach them, and begin to distinguish the courses of stone, this impression wanes to return with an oppressive force as we stand beneath them.

All other works of man are dwarfed by them, but it must be remembered that no other works of man occupied a whole nation, as it is all built by a single nation, as the pyramids did, for one or even two generations each. No public works save the pyramids are known of the Memphitic kingdom.

When the public works begin, pyramids become far less costly, like that of the wise king who excavated the Lake Morris.

The object of each pyramid was to entomb a single monarch; king; sometimes two or three chambers might point to a double burial; in one case an early monument, the third pyramid, seems to have been enlarged by a later sovereign; but in general each monument seems to have been designed for an entombment. The purpose of so vast a labor is no longer a mystery, if we may assume that the Egyptians held the preservation of the body to be essential to immortality.

That all Egyptian tombs were constructed under the influence of a belief in the immortality of the soul. The final aim of the pyramid builders was that each head of the religion and state should rest securely in these vast monuments, whose form is a type of immortality, resting on the solid rock, themselves solid and indestructible, yet pointing heavenward. It is a weakness of practical matter to laugh with Pliny at the pyramids, as mere monuments of human vanity.

A Handed House. A house in Mayfair belongs to a noble lord. It was let some years ago to a Brazilian Minister, whose wife died there. This house being recently in the market, was purchased by a friend of the owner, on this the wife of the owner wrote to a friend, and begged her to rescind the purchase, the reason alleged being that she would have no peace in the house, as a ghostly woman in green had the unpleasant knack of wandering about the staircases and rooms, and occasionally passing through a window and alighting herself on the balcony.

The peculiarity of this ghost is that she appears by day as well by night. Many attempts have been made to grapple with her, but they all proved futile. Now, I do not believe in ghosts, but who is this mysterious visitant that actually prevents the sale of a house in London?

Given Up by Doctors. "Is it possible that Mr. Godfrey is up and at work, and cured by so simple a remedy?"

"I assure you that it is true that he is entirely cured, and with nothing but Hop Bitters; and only ten days ago his doctors gave him up and said he must die."

"Well, why," he says at last, in a perplexed tone of confidence, "where is it?"

"In the stove," I say.

"An expression of incredulous bewilderment spreads over his questioning face. He asks, freely and falteringly: 'Yes, but the rest of it?'"

"In the stove, too," I say.

"Well, why," he says at last, in a perplexed tone of confidence, "where is it?"

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The Housecleaning Mania.

John Jacobs had been married nine or ten months, and thought he was peculiarly blessed. His wife was mild and gentle and his home peaceful. As he left things in the morning so he found them when he returned at night. If his slippers were left reclining in the middle of the parlor floor after breakfast he knew just where to find them before supper. Some men might have objected to this arrangement as careless and profligate, but John did not. He wanted peace, and for the first ten months of his married life he got it. The dream was broken up last week. Jacobs got up one of those exceptionally fine mornings, which come so seldom this time of the year, and found his usually tardy spouse already up and slipping from room to room with the fire of stubborn resolution usurping the dreamy, resigned expression of her eyes. She was mouthing her fingers and making hieroglyphics on the window-pans, peering under door-mats and wash-stands, blowing clouds of dust off the innocent books that lay round the room, and carrying on generally as though she had suddenly changed individually with some daffy.

John ate his marital meal in silence, notwithstanding maudlin held his plate up to the light before she would allow him to touch it, and then tested it much as he had seen her do the window-panes.

It was on Tuesday. When he came home that night he looked in vain for his slippers, and found the volume of Mrs. Johnson's "Garter" out in the backyard under the coal-shed. On Wednesday, when he left for the office, after a scrap breakfast, he noticed maudlin had her head tied up in a white napkin, and venturing to ask if she had received for reply a suggestion "not to get about his business for a stipend."

On his way down he took the precaution to stop at the office of the family physician, and leave an order for him to call at his home.

When he went home at noon, contrary to his usual custom, he found a crowd on the other corner looking intently toward his domicile. Diving to the top of the roof, scrubbing it off and washing down the bricks of the chimney, finding it was to use to ring the bell, he climbed over the back fence, gaining a twelve dollar pair of breeches.

He found most of the furniture out in the backyard, and the balance obstructing the stairway. In his frantic efforts to get up stairs he dislodged a piano stool, which let down a chamber stove, which precipitated a washstand, which started down a wardrobe, which tumbled a promiscuous collection of hand-boxes, coal-scuttles, wash-pitchers, music-racks, &c., down on his devoted head.

The next morning when Mrs. Jacobs relieved him from duress and got his wounds dressed, she condescended to explain to him that she was done housecleaning now for one year, and he said he was so glad.

Nothing more was said about it for a while, and then Mrs. J. remarked that she did not know how some people lived in so much dirt.

The Fuel Supply. There is one point in household economy upon which the landlord and the guest will never agree. It is on the quantity of wood required to heat a room. Now, the landlord is a hearty cynic, and he grants his tenants upon a long series of actual tests and practical experiments, extending over a term of years which dates back to the year he began to "keep tavern," that two sticks of wood, about two inches in diameter and somewhat longer than a match, will, if properly used, keep a bright fire, snapping and roaring, for three or four hours all day, and when you enter them up carefully when you retire, they will smoulder all night long, and you will only have to open the damper to have a nice warm room to dress in, the next morning. He knows this, because he tells the guest he has tried it, and does try it very successfully in his room every night. I never heard the guest dispute the landlord, but I can't remember when I ordered a fire in my room usually have this kind of circus. I say to the boy in commanding tones: "Bring up some wood."

"Bring up some wood?"

"The boy looks amazed, goes away slowly, and just before the fire goes dead out, he returns with two armful of wood, one stick in each arm.

"The sticks are short, but they are good," he says, and thrust them both into the stove.

"Now, then," I cry cheerfully, "bring up some wood!"

"The boy disappears, and I catch a parting glimpse of his white, terror-stricken face as he slides down the banisters. In due time comes to the room, not the frightened but with heavy solemn tread, the landlord. There is trouble in his face.

"What do you want?" he asks suspiciously.

"Wood," I say, "wood! wood!" my cry is still for wood! "Fuel! Combustibles! Inflammable substances! Vegetable growth and development! wood!"

"Why," he asks, with a puzzled expression on his face, "didn't the boy bring you up some wood just now?"

"Yes," I reply truthfully, "and seems kind of odd to me, but after all, I am glad to find it under the circumstances."

The landlord looks wonderingly around the room, glances behind the stove, stoops down and peers under the bed.

"Well, why," he says at last, in a perplexed tone of confidence, "where is it?"

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"What!?" the good man shouts.

"All of it!" I say.

"He doesn't believe me. He stoops down before the stove, opens the door and looks in. His worst fears are realized. With a hollow groan he closes the door and shuts the damper with such an easy, quick, long practiced turn of the wrist that an inexperienced man could not detect it, and rising to his feet goes feebly down stairs, holding one hand to his bewildered head, and the other to his throbbing heart. By-and-by he comes back to the room with the man, silent face of a spectre. He bears two sticks of wood, somewhat thinner than the ones he brought, but on the other hand, considerably shorter. He shoulders them, he walks past me, and lays them down in the bottom of the wood-box and covers them up with a piece of an old envelope to hide them from my extravagant eyes. But I seize them from under his hands, even while he is hiding them, and not heeding the tremendous heat he reaches forth to stop me, I thrust the sticks into the stove, and say, calmly and sternly: "Send the boy up with some kumchus."

The landlord presses his hands over his eyes and goes reeling out into the hall. He says, in a ghastly whisper: "Well, if you can't crowd more wood into that stove than any man I ever saw."

And he goes down stairs and I can hear him sobbing, and telling the call-boys they'll have to keep an eye on the crazy man in No. 72 or he'll set the house on fire.

The Wild Cat.

I was plodding along in a wagon from Toledo to Maumee, over an exceedingly level road, in the hot noon sun of a July day. The driver was a hardy fellow who looked as though he could outlug a bear and loosen the tightest Maumee auger with a single shake, and yet he owned that he had been frightened by a wild cat so that he ran from him, and when he told the story, which I give you partly in his own words, it was driving along this road in a buggy, with as fast a horse as ever scorned the whip, when some ten rods ahead of us, just by that big oak, a wild cat leading three kittens, came out of the wood, crossed the road and went into those bushes on our left, and I thought what nice pets they would make, and wished I had one. When I came up I noticed one of the young ones in the edge of the bushes but a few feet off, and I heard, or thought I heard the old one stealing along deep in the woods. I sprang out, snatched the kitten, threw it into the buggy, jumped in and started. When I laid hands on it, it meowed and kept meowing, and I grasped it, and I heard a sharp growl and a thrashing through the brush. I knew the old one was coming, and the next instant she streamed over a log and alighted in the road. She ran with her eyes flaming, her hair bristling and her teeth grinning. She turned as on a pivot, and gave an unearthly squall as she saw me racing away, and bounded after with such yells and fury that I could not see that for every that I threw the kitten out and lashed the dying horse, but she scarcely paused for that, but bounded on a while, as though recovery of her young would not suffice without revenge. When I saw her at my very back I scarcely breathed, until her crying child recalled her. Here at the top of this pitch I looked back and saw her, which I heard by a string. "Say, boy, what's your name?" asked the minister. "Patsy, your honor," answered the wee fellow, with a bow. "Well, Patsy, can you tell me how many gods there are?" said the divine with a nudge to his wife. "Don't know that sir," answered the boy making a second bow. "There's but one God, my child," said the lady and the boy drove on. "Heard ignorant those poor Catholics are," remarked the minister. "Yes God help them," replied his wife. Three hours after as they were returning, the boy was in the same place. "Please, were you in Sligo, sir?" asked Patsy. "Yes, my little lad," replied the rector, why do you ask?" "I'd like to know from you, how many chimneys are there in Sligo?" "Chimneys, you little fellow, how do I know, I never could reckon 'em." "Then, sir, if you can't tell how many chimneys there are in Sligo where you have been, how could I tell how many Gods there are in heaven, where I never was?"

Disadvantages in Life.

Sitting at the foot of a boarding house table.

Wearing tight boots with a big wall of cotton hanging on the heels.

Walking through a crowded ferry-boat with a year old baby on your arm.

Passing the club or billiard room without 'dropping in to see who's there.'

Having a bad cold in the head and no handkerchief within hailing distance.

Being asked what time it is when it is twelve, and while keeping your watch to suit time.

Endeavoring to persuade a tailor that the longer your bill goes over the sooner will the sun of resurrection rise like a forty cent sky rocket.

Carrying a scuttle of coal up stairs while the partner of your joys stands in the hall and yells, 'Oh, Henry, what a dirt you're making on my new carpet!'

For the first time in one's life asking a girl if she wouldn't like to go out some evening next week, and have her coolly say, 'No, you mustn't keep late hours.'

Taking off one's shoes in the lower hall to walk up stairs noiselessly, and just as the top is reached to drop one shoe, and hearing it going to the bottom like the gong of a gratuity.

How a Manager was Enchanted.

John Schofield was standing in the street entrance of Hooley's contracting with extreme satisfaction the procession that was passing into the house, when his attention was especially drawn to two young men with noisily checked ulsters and enormous diamonds, who were conferring in some earnestness with the Junior Hooley, who presides at the box office.

"Want a pass, I suppose," thought he. "But get it this trip, all the same." Presently he saw the treasurer point him out, and directly after the pair approached.

"Say! your name Schofield?" asked one of them.

"Yes, sir."

"Are you the manager of this here show?"

"Yes."

"Do you pass the perfish?"

"The what?"

"What's that?"

"Aw, don't screw yourself too high. Do you pass the perfish?"

"Do you mean the perfish?"

"Why, cert—the perfish."

"That depends—who are you?"

"We're McGinnahan and McGilbray."

"What do you do?"

Each put a hand to the other's nearest shoulder and danced three or four steps as they sang:

Oh, hark to tell, But then I must, winding up by raising their hats and striking an attitude.

"Song and dance men, are you? Sorry, but I can't pass you."

"W-h-w—well, I'll be blam'd," said one, incredulously astonished. "You don't pass the perfish?"

"Why," exclaimed Mr. Schofield, "can't let you in; I'm turning people away from the house that want to pay money to get in. How do you suppose I can afford to give you room?"

"Then you'll pass us?"

"No."

"That settles it. Your name's Schofield, is it?" (producing a piece of paper.)

"Yes, my name's Schofield."

"Got a pencil? Lemme take it." Mr. Schofield let him take it.

Found in an Old Chest.

Charles Brown, a farmer of Sullivan county, N. Y., while lately searching for an old chest, succeeded in examining the contents of a chest which had been in his possession undisturbed for fifty-two years. It contained old papers, and in opening them he discovered a package tied with tape. After the tape was exposed to the air for two hours it became as fine as ashes. In the package Mr. Brown found five letters of great antiquity and of some public importance. One of the letters was dated at Yorktown, Pa., October 5th 1777, written by John Hancock, then President of Congress informing Governor Clinton of New York that Congress had appropriated \$500 for the erection of a monument to the memory of General Herkimer. This is the \$500 of which ex-Governor Seymour spoke in the speech recently delivered by him in Herkimer county on the subject of raising money to erect a monument in honor of General Herkimer. It is said that the \$500 never became paid, and on the strength of this letter the subject of raising money for Congress for its payment, with interest for 101 years, to be expended for the purpose named. Another of the letters was dated at Kingston, October 17th 1777, signed by Major General Clinton, and the third was dated October 10th 1777, signed by John Jay, to Governor Clinton. The fourth was dated August 17th 1777, signed by Richard Morris, who administered the first Presidential oath of office to General Washington in Wall street, New York. The fifth letter was written by Peter B. Livingston, August 17th 1777, signed by Richard Morris, who administered the first Presidential oath of office to General Washington in Wall street, New York.

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